

THE RCM MAGAZINE



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THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &
PRESENT STUDENTS and
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ
of THE R·C·M· UNION..*

'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.'

Editorial

"If art is 'doing common things in an uncommon way,' it seems clear that we must be familiar with the common things before we can appreciate the uncommon way of doing them."

The quotation above comes from a recently published book which I think Collegians ought to read—"Music of Hindostan," by A. H. Fox Strangways.

When one is very occupied with any subject, as Collegians are for the most part very occupied with music, one is in mortal danger not only of narrowing the mind to the limits of that subject, but further within the limits of one particular aspect of it. "Music of Hindostan" treats of a different music from that which most of us have studied or learnt to appreciate, a music which takes no account of harmony, and supplies the function of our counterpoint with drum rhythms, as the author shows very neatly by placing a quotation of this music side by side with one from Bach's *Wohltemperirtes Klavier*. It is a music which the Christian in his deafness often calls primitive or even barbaric, but one which is on its own lines more highly organized than our own, the product of a great civilization, of finely developed minds, of many centuries.

When Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian poet, first visited Europe, he said that he could find no melody in our music till at last he discovered it lurking in the polyphony of Bach and Wagner. His difficulty was of course just our difficulty with Indian music, the difficulty of accepting the 'common things,' and discerning between them and the uncommon uses of them. In every music there must be a postulated element, something we can take for granted if it is to be intelligible, and the main point of Mr Fox Strangways's book is to discover for us the postulates of Indian music, and show where they are the same and where they differ from those of our music.

Over and above the widening of our mental horizon which is brought about by the unfolding of a strange musical art—an art about which it is an open question whether it is set on lines diverging from a common starting point with our own, or whether it is parallel with ours, that is set on lines which never meet ours, but bear, nevertheless, a certain relation to them—there is the interest of making discoveries in our own music from the study of another. It has been asserted

that one gets a wholly new view of a piece of scenery by bending down and looking at it from between one's legs, that is with the eyes upside down. One gets something of this inverted sensation when one applies oneself to this melodic and rhythmic music as a change from our harmonic and contrapuntal view. But in this case it is more than a sensation. One is forced to consider what really are the bases of our art, what the essentials, what the decorations; one begins to analyse more closely, and to think more clearly. The exercise is illuminating in every way.

Sir Frederick Bridge

When we first proposed to give to the readers of the R.C.M. Magazine the portrait of Sir Frederick Bridge which appears in this number, it was with the single motive of giving them the portrait of a professor who is popular with all and loved by many. We had no idea that all the illustrated papers of London would be before us, for his wedding, which took place on April 14, was not then announced. Now, however, we have a double opportunity. We can give to our readers Sir Frederick's portrait, and to Sir Frederick and Lady Bridge, the heartiest wishes of our readers. We do both with the greatest goodwill.

We reprint the following account of the wedding from *The Times* of April 15:

Sir Frederick Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, and Miss Marjory Wedgwood Wood, youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs Reginald N. Wood, of Bignell End, Staffordshire, were married yesterday in St. Faith's Chapel, at the Abbey.

In the chapel itself there were but a few immediate relatives of the bride and bridegroom, for very little space is available, but other guests were accommodated in the South Transept. The ceremony was timed for 12 o'clock, and from 11.30 Dr Alcock, organist at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, played selections, including his "Marche Triomphale," which was specially composed for the wedding of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught. The whole of the service was rendered by choristers of the Abbey, and the music was arranged by Mr E. Stanley Roper, of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, a former pupil of the bridegroom's, the singing being unaccompanied. The Dean of Westminster, Canon Wood, of Tring (uncle of the bride), and the Rev. R. Nixon performed the ceremony.

Among those present at the ceremony were Mr and Mrs Reginald Wood, the Misses Wood, Colonel G. W. and Mrs Wood, Mr and Mrs C. S. Cockburn, Mrs Manningham Buller, Mrs Henry T. Wood, Mr and Mrs R. C. Crauford, the Misses Wood (of Tomshill), Captain Edwards-Heathcote, Colonel C. B. Wood, Mr and Mrs John Wood, Mr Reginald T. Bridge (son of the bridegroom), Dr and Mrs Stainer, Mrs Peachell, Miss Hilda Peachell, Mrs Scriven, Lady Regnart, Sir H. and Lady Cohen, Mrs Berens, Mrs Ryle, Mr E. B. Hoare, Lord Zouche, Dr T. Lea Southgate, and Mrs Charles Mackintosh. Dr Joseph C. Bridge, of Chester (brother of the bridegroom), and the Rev. C. Hylton Stewart, of Bath, also accepted invitations, but were unable to be present.



SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE

Director's Address

JANUARY 8th, 1914

"What is not possible is, to combine the pursuit of pleasure and the enjoyment of comfort with the characteristic pleasures of a strong mind. If you wish for luxury you must not nourish the inquisitive spirit."—BAGEHOT.

It seems useless to try to get away from Christmas at this time of year. It colours and influences whatever we do and whatever we think about ; and is so deeply rooted in the vitals of people of every denomination that it makes them akin for awhile even when they appear to be busy excommunicating one another. But all the same it is fortunate it comes but once a year. It is fortunate for some people's digestions ; and it is also fortunate for the sake of its own reputation, as all things lose in value when they are too common. Last year about this time I was saying to you that it would be a good thing if we could have a sort of Christmas every week ; and you may possibly think that I am contradicting myself now. But in reality everything has many different aspects, and it is useful to be quite frank about them and to realize as many as possible ; and as a means to that end appearing to contradict oneself is sometimes effectual. I was referring then to one of the most serviceable of the aspects of Christmas and one which is most creditable to keepers of Christmas ; that it inspires people to be keen and cheerful whatever happens, and to feel in a condition of good will and amity to all men. If that was its only characteristic we should be gainers by having as many Christmases as we could get.

But Christmas, like most other institutions, looks quite different from different points of view. There is the point of view of the ragged and thirsty loafer who goes round with some congenial associates to howl something approximate to any ditty that can be regarded as a carol by the widest stretch of seasonable good-will, in the hopes of extracting largesse from more prosperous folks. That is one point of view. It is very different from the point of view of the victims of their attentions, who have to pretend to love the jolly old customs ; and not only to submit to very disagreeable noises and intrusions upon their premises, but also to pay with an affectation of cheerfulness for a performance which is obviously a fraud. Christmas looks very different to those whose appetites and digestions are in order from what it does to those whose chief enjoyment in life is eating, whose principal events in each day are meal times, and whose goal

is dyspepsia. It looks different to the extractors of Christmas boxes from what it does to those from whom endless Christmas boxes are extracted on every conceivable plea. Christmas must look very different in the nursery of the favoured infants of wealthy parents from what it does in the dreary lodgings of ill paid working people ; where whole families are huddled into a couple of rooms in hideous destitution, with little likelihood of getting a 'square meal,' let alone plum-puddings and turkeys.

But apart from Christmas looking different from different points of view, one Christmas does really differ from another in other things besides the weather. There must always be losses in the course of twelve months ; and however we may succeed in being cheerful, we remember that some dear friends or relations were with us last Christmas who will not gladden us and add to our gaiety in any more Christmases. Since last Christmas we at the College have lost some of the trustiest and most helpful of our friends. We have lost good Mr Broadbelt, and we have lost several of the most valuable members of our Council, especially Mr Spencer Lyttelton, the Treasurer of the College, who was connected with it from the earliest days, and was always unremitting in his interest and helpfulness ; and was, moreover, more wholehearted in his genuine love of music of the best kind than almost anyone I have ever known. And now at the moment we have to face another loss ; for, as most of you must know, our dear, kindly, sympathetic Registrar, Mr Frank Pownall, has resigned his office. But in his case we have the comfort of knowing that he has wonderfully regained his health and is just as keen for the welfare of the College as ever he was, and is very likely to gladden us with his familiar and friendly presence on every possible occasion.

As a set off against our losses we might count our gains, though I do not think we often do much in that line. The losses appeal to our human feelings, which are always active at Christmas time ; while counting gains is generally liable to minister to self complacency, which is a state of mind that well-constituted institutions and individuals do not indulge in too freely. Yet there are reasons for occasionally looking back and recalling anything we have succeeded in doing that may be counted as a gain ; if for nothing else, to justify our existence to ourselves, and as an incitement to maintain or even improve upon the standard which our gains indicate. The fact of being aware of having done something pretty well generally serves to make a man go on again and try to do something better.

It is one of the most hopeful things about humanity that it is always trying to make records, always trying to pile improvement on improvement, never resting satisfied that it has done the best that can be done—and as long as that spirit prevails there is not much likelihood of harm coming from counting the gains which accrue from having achieved some serviceable things.

People who are always deploring the apparent increase of vulgarity and levity and foolishness and dishonesty and all sorts of things which are not to the credit of humanity, seem liable to forget that there is plenty to set off on the other side. Foolishness of all sorts is very useful to the newspapers, and gets them lots of light-minded readers. Whereas the good that is done by steadfast and sensible people does not make attractive reading or supply entertainment for the many, or help the sale of journals and periodicals. So those misguided people whose reading is mainly confined to newspapers, and who think that what is not in them has not happened, get to think that the human race is becoming rotten and corrupt, and that the more or less civilized races are degenerating and rapidly going down into disintegration and anarchy. When we look for ourselves and see things as they are, and not as they are presented in fiction, we can see that there are plenty of wholesome people left who are keen and steadfast and bent upon getting something good done. Though sensible people are so much fewer than foolish and thoughtless people, their opinions and their actions are much more effectual, because they are consistent; whereas the foolish people are always flying about from one thing to another, and there is no method in their fancies. If the truth were known, the majority of people would always prefer to be doing something that is worth while rather than wasting their lives in empty distractions. But unfortunately so many of them have not got the chance.

We at the College luckily have the chance; there are always things waiting for us to do; and we may quite reasonably content ourselves by looking back across the time since last Christmas, and feeling assured there have been some gains. We can look back with contentment to such an achievement as our performance of 'Falstaff' in honour of Verdi's centenary, which was generally admitted to have been one of the best we ever gave, thanks to the capacities and keenness of our performers and the masterly superintendence of Sir Charles Stanford and

Mr Cairns James and Mr Soutten and a few others. All these were undoubtedly exerting themselves to the utmost to get something really good done, and their success may be taken to counterbalance any amount of helplessly foolish doings of irresponsible and unimportant simpletons in other lines of life.

And besides the gain of having achieved something in honour of the noble old Verdi, we gained no little assurance of our capacities to do first-rate work from plenty of fine performances of orchestral works and quartets and quintets and solos at our Concerts. And we can look back with contentment to many fine works produced by our past and present composers, and to many notable performances by our singers; while the fact that our organists have been appointed to more Cathedrals and other important Organistships enhances our sense of the pre-eminence of that department of our work, thanks to the gifted young organists themselves and the inspiring instruction of such pre-eminent Professors as Sir Walter Parratt and Dr Alcock.

The greatest of our gains would be to feel that we had still further strengthened the College Spirit, and confirmed the general sense of right-mindedness and straightforwardness and ardour which we hope to be its most constant characteristics. But that is a hard thing to measure. We can look back to the intervening spaces between other Christmases and see how the old pupils and the Professors of former times gradually built up a sort of tradition, and developed the attitude of mind which is helpful to us. But twelve months is too short a space of time to gauge actual advance in a thing which spreads so widely, and must, if it is to come to anything permanent, move so slowly and constantly, growing like a healthy tree almost insensibly. What we can do is to see that the old way, which served to such good ends in the past, is still loyally adhered to. It is a thing that concerns us all, from the littlest and simplest to the cleverest and most prominent. The good that was done by those who went before creates responsibilities for those that come after; and as far as I can see the College has gained in the last twelve months at least by showing itself worthy of such responsibilities.

Of course there must be human aberrations. It is merely stupid perversity and blindness to pretend that any human being can be perfect. And when one considers the hundreds of people there are in the College who all have their own particular liabilities to erratic

behaviour, it might give a morbid mind a fit of sheer panic to think what would happen if they all took to showing their imperfections in the same day, or even the same week. But that is where the usefulness of a well-constituted community comes in. Its general spirit, when once firmly established, helps the individuals to keep from whirling off into space and from becoming pernicious idiots; and the aberrations merely make their appearance as isolated accidents which do not seriously disturb the general tenour of its life. One would like to see the general spirit so confirmed that it would produce a College type, which was distinguished for its straightness and wholesomeness, its eagerness to know and understand, its courtesy and generosity and its general friendliness to its fellow-men—to which meanness and craft and disingenuous self-seeking were impossible.

But these qualities are not securely attainable unless we are doing the work we profess to devote ourselves to thoroughly and well. If we were not successful in our musical work it would be much harder to maintain a high standard of character. The one thing depends very much on the other. If we did our musical work half-heartedly and casually we should soon be picking holes in other people's doings, and trying to get credit for what we are incapable of doing, and getting discontented and querulous, and seeking indulgence in things which are not wholesome and honest. It is always the shufflers and shirkers who find fault with everything, and sneer at their betters and generally pile up grievances. As they are not engrossed in their work they have plenty of time to make up exciting fables about themselves and their neighbours; while people who are engrossed in the work they are doing with all their might have no time to waste on such futilities.

Every year that we can maintain the high standard of our musical doings is sure to make it easier to maintain a good standard of our doings apart from music. Christmas to Christmas is a fair time to measure gains in such respects, and ancient customs like the observance of Christmas have other ways of being serviceable besides the mainly superficial one of suggesting cheerfulness.

There are sensible and silly ways of regarding Christmas as there are of everything else. To some people it is always the same; or at all events they try to think it is. But, as a fact, as the conditions of life change, an ancient festival like Christmas changes its aspects as well as its relation

to other things. Its spiritual meaning may live on, but the people who care at all for its real spiritual meaning are comparatively few ; for indeed there are so many thousands of people who have no chance of enjoying Christmas in any fashion ; and when they do have a chance they are impelled to resort to such base and coarse enjoyments as are suitable to their undeveloped intelligences.

Take for instance the changed attitude of most of the carol singers that I have already referred to. They used to sing carols because the spiritual significance of the season inspired them with joyful devotion. Now they sing mainly to extract money from people who are more prosperous than themselves. We get more and more aware of such changes and of such unprepossessing exhibitions. But we are also becoming more and more aware that it is not people's fault that they are so unprepossessing. We get more and more aware that it is through lack of opportunity to be otherwise. So many people never have a chance of appreciating anything spiritual, or even of looking for the pleasures that have any lasting quality in them. By degrees the more fortunately-placed people are becoming aware that they can help the world to a wider diffusion of opportunities, and even to powers of appreciation of spiritual things like art. It is not so long ago that well-to-do people seem literally to have hated those who lived in squalor and brutality—as if it were their own fault and choice ! There was a rhyme that got into my head when I was a boy which used to suggest that attitude of mind rather forcibly :—

“ Whene’er I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see ;
Eating pork without a fork
What dirty beasts they be ! ”

I think it must have been the product of a time when people had not become wide awake enough even to realize that the use of a fork, especially in dealing with pork, is not a thing which anyone would dispense with voluntarily. Piggishness is generally the result of society in general not managing its affairs well. People nowadays are beginning to be aware of and to understand something beyond the narrow range of their own daily lives ; and instead of hating dirty, low, squalid and feckless people, they are becoming conscious of their own share in society's responsibilities to the victims of untoward circumstances, and they try to help in lifting them up.

But even in the ranges of humanity a good deal above the forkless ones there is always plenty to do ; and the College can play a considerable part in a spiritual regeneration which spreads wide and far. One of its opportunities is to help the world to understand the difference between genuine art and sham art ; and it can do invaluable work in that direction only by being faithful to the things that have been tested again and again and not found wanting ; and by not making feeble concessions to the false and vulgar standards of the light-headed heedless crowd.

People are hoaxed by shams when their minds are not exercised in the directions which enable them to grapple with facts. They lend themselves to be hoaxed by people whose interest it is to induce them to delight in trash and spurious concoctions which are not the product of any artistic impulse, but merely of the impulse to get plentiful pay or a shortlived popularity. Our experience of pills and quack medicines as well as artistic quackery makes us think that there is nothing the big public takes such delight in as in being hoaxed by shams and inadequacies of all sorts, and no one they adore so ecstatically as the man who is clever enough to hoax them. There would be no limit to the extent to which they would be exploited if somebody did not save them from themselves.

The various institutions like ours in all sorts of spheres of mental activity have the responsibility of developing capacities of insight and judgment so that they cannot be hoaxed ; and the understanding they attain to presents a barrier against disintegration and folly. It is one of their missions to help the public in subtle and steadfast ways to distinguish between the shams and the real things ; and to bring within the reach of even those whose opportunities in life are scanty the spiritual significance of such things as the finest manifestations of our art. Even the forkless ones can be helped and lifted a little out of their demoralizing conditions by art that is real ; but nobody can be any the better for shams.

These are the serious sides of the matter. But there is no reason why we should not welcome the lighter sides also. We can be gay and merry enough in season. It is a man's duty to be merry whenever he can. It is a mere superstition of frivolous idiots that a man who has any mind or appreciation of the serious sides of things must be a dull blockhead, incapable of fun and joking. In reality those who are

capable of feeling the serious sides of things get much more real fun out of life than those who think fun to be its sole object. And this applies to such an apparently irresponsible occasion as our latter day Christmas as well as to all the other landmarks in life.

And now you have digested Christmas 1913, you can begin to look forward to Christmas 1914, and see if we cannot put some more things to our credit by the time it arrives.

Vaughan Williams's "London" Symphony.

*"At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse."*—SPENSER.

Mr F. B. Ellis, whose recent series of concerts is noticed elsewhere, may be considered fortunate in having secured the first performance of at least one work of outstanding importance. The compositions of Vaughan Williams merit the attention of every serious student, not merely on account of their intrinsic musical value, but also as affording an unusually interesting example of the growth of a contemporary style. It would be hard to name any other first-rate composer who has 'found himself' with such apparent difficulty as Vaughan Williams, and this fact is sometimes cited against him as a proof of amateurish clumsiness; the beauty and originality of his ideas is widely recognised, but the not infrequent failure to express them clearly is usually ascribed to some inherent incapacity for perfecting a technique.

It would probably be more logical to blame the actual newness of the ideas themselves, and the necessity thus created for the laborious working out of a new method. The same paradox applies in some measure to all composers of progressive tendency, but in the case of Vaughan Williams the labours of the preceding generation seem to have been of unusually little assistance; the absence of a characteristically native idiom may largely account for this, but it would be premature to attempt a final explanation. What is of more immediate importance is to recognize that in his later works Vaughan Williams has given evidence of having finally overcome what Mr Edwin Evans aptly terms his 'impediment of musical speech'; hence the announcement of a full-blooded symphony from his pen was calculated to raise hopes of something exceptionally good.

It may be said at once that these hopes have been fully realized ; in this new work, almost for the first time, the composer's ideas and their actual expression are really commensurate, and the success of the symphony was greatly enhanced by the magnificent performance given by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, under the direction of Mr Geoffrey Toye—perhaps as good a ' first performance ' as it would be possible to obtain.

As its title implies, the symphony is descriptive of London, more especially the London of to-day. It would be useless, without the aid of musical illustrations, to give an exhaustive analysis, and a short account of each movement must suffice.

A slow, mystical prelude—to be considered as introductory to the work as a whole—leads directly into the first movement proper, an exhilarating and expansive piece of music, which seems to owe its genesis to the stirring bustle of every-day life, and the busy turmoil of the London streets. The melodic material is very abundant, and many of the tunes have a distinctly ' popular ' flavour about them ; there are, of course, contrasting sections of more restrained character, but the general mood is boisterous, and the close a perfect orgy of triumph. This movement is certainly the most brilliant piece of orchestral writing that Vaughan Williams has as yet produced.

The slow movement is an idyll of grey skies and secluded by-ways—an aspect of London quite as familiar as any other ; the feeling of the music is remote and mystical, and its very characteristic beauty is not of a kind which it is possible to describe in words.

To the Scherzo is given the alternative title " Nocturne " ; the combination is unexpected, but justified by the nature of the subject ; after all, to the average Londoner, the night is generally the time in which he is free to ' play.' It is not, however, a scene of conventional metropolitan gaiety which is depicted, but rather the careless freedom with which common folk disport themselves at night in the open streets. In addition to the " Scherzo " proper there are two " Trios," of which the second is in strong contrast with the rest of the movement.

The Finale is the longest of the four movements ; perhaps, also, it is the least satisfactory ; not that there is any falling off in the interest, but, as in the last movement of the " Sea " Symphony, there is a feeling that the composer is straining himself to express just a little too much ; in this case, however, the flaw is a much slighter one, and may easily

prove to be illusory when the work is heard a second time. The music is for the most part strenuous, but in a different sense from that in which the first movement is so. It is the unrest of a conscious struggle which is here suggested.

When this mood has worked itself out, there is a return to the theme of the Prelude, which is treated at some length, and forms an impressive epilogue to the whole work.

It is now almost a common-place to say of a novelty that it was 'enthusiastically received'; the description means little or nothing, and yet there are occasions on which it is instinctively and generally felt that something out of the ordinary has been achieved. There can be no question as to the appeal which this work made to those who were present on March 27, and it is presumable that it would be equally successful with any normal English audience. The only question is whether it will be given the opportunity of becoming popular. The mere necessity for asking such a question shows up once again the astonishing conditions which govern the policy of concert-giving organizations in this country, and it is actually true that no arrangements have as yet been made for a second performance.

GEORGE BUTTERWORTH.

The R.C.M. Union

*"And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day."*—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FORTHCOMING ANNUAL "AT HOME."

It has become the custom to hold the Annual "At Home" on the last Thursday in June, and the Committee have therefore fixed Thursday, June 25, as the date for this year's function. It will take place in the Concert Hall of the College, at 8.30 p.m., and the arrangements for tickets will be the same as last year. Notices will be sent out in due course, giving all necessary particulars, and the Committee cordially hope that many Members will be able to be present.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting was held at the College on Thursday afternoon, January 15, at 3.30. The chair was taken by the President, Sir Hubert Parry, and a considerable number of Members was present.

After the Minutes had been read by Dr Shinn, the Annual Report and Balance Sheet were presented to the Meeting and adopted. Miss Emily Daymond reported on the satisfactory condition of the R.C.M. Union Loan Fund; the Hon. Officers were re-elected for the ensuing year. Miss Phœbe Walters and Mr Glyn Walters were elected to fill the two vacancies on the General Committee, and the draft of a circular letter, giving information as to the Union and inviting new Collegians to join, was considered and adopted. The Meeting concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to the President. The hour following, devoted to tea and sociability, gave to Members a welcome opportunity of seeing and chatting with each other.

PARTIES AT MEMBERS' HOUSES.

Two wholly delightful parties have been given to the Union during the past Term, thanks to the generous help of those Members who came forward with the offer of their houses and hospitality. The first was given by Mrs Hanbury Aggs (remembered by many Collegians as Miss Sylvia Thompson), at 13 Ladbroke Terrace, W., on Tuesday evening, March 17, when the Programme was as follows:—

QUINTET for Pianoforte and Strings, op. 81. *Debussé*
 MISS AURIOL JONES MR PHILIP LEVISE
 MISS MAUD ALDIS MR PURCELL WARREN
 MR JOHN SNOWDEN
 SONG CYCLE "Maud" Arthur Somervell
 MR GEORGE BAKER
 At the Piano: MR WALTER BUTLER

PIANOFORTE SOLOS

a. Prelude *Debussy*
 b. La Sarabande *Gabriel Groulez*
 c. Chanson du Chasseur .. *Gabriel Groulez*
 MISS AURIOL JONES

The second party was given by Miss Mildred and Miss Winifred Bowden-Smith, on Wednesday, March 25, at 16 Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W. It was also a most successful and enjoyable occasion. Subjoined is the Programme:—

CONCERTO in D Minor, for two Violins
 J. S. Bach
 With Pianoforte Accompaniment.
 MISS GLADYS RAYMOND
 MISS NORA FORD
 MR F. A. SEWELL

SONGS—Pilgrim's Song *Tchaikowsky*
 Chanson du Route *Paul Puget*
 Two Songs of the Earl of Surrey *Marion M. Scott*
 MR JOSEPH IRLAND
 At the Piano: MR F. A. SEWELL
 STRING QUARTET in F minor, op. 95 .. *Beethoven*
 MISS JESSIE STEWART MISS MAUD ALDIS
 MISS ELSIE DUDDING MISS THELMA BENTWICH

CASUAL VACANCIES ON THE COMMITTEE.

Two casual vacancies occurred on the Committee during the Easter Term, Mr Percival Kirby and Mr John Snowden being no longer present pupils of the College. Mr W. Allen and Mr F. Purcell Warren were elected to fill these vacancies.

MARION M. SCOTT }
 A. BEATRIX DARNELL } *Hon. Secretaries*

Travel Notes from the Diary of a Music Lover

"Were it not for the recollections habitually associated with them, natural objects could not interest the mind in the manner they do."—HAZLITT.

Three times a year the industrial city of Leipzig is thrown into a state of wild excitement by the famous Fairs or "Messen," and woe betide the traveller who has not taken the precaution to engage rooms in advance, should his visit coincide with Fair time! Every hotel-keeper doubles his prices to each homeless wanderer who ventures into his lair, while he must be a courageous man indeed who would dare to cross the threshold of the more modest inns, blocked at this season by gigantic packing-cases, the figures of whose owners betray the effects of frequent indulgence in sausage and beer. The hotel problem once solved, the tourist in true Saxon fashion proceeds to "bummel," or stroll through the streets. The German "bummel" is unique; more ponderous than the French "flaneur," more deliberately systematic than the English "shop-gazer"; the Teuton, arm in arm with his spouse or sweetheart, inspects minutely every shop window. During this process, to jostle or push is a waste of energy, to hurry is impossible.

Though bereft in some measure of commercial importance through the introduction of railways and telegraphs, the Fairs still flourish as sample meetings, and afford excellent opportunities for the discussion of business; to this end merchants congregate at Leipzig from far and near. In the Grimmaische Strasse and the "Stadthaus," Viennese statuary and sausages of every shape and hue, from the darkest of "Blutwurst"—a word translatable only by Blood-Sausage!—to the palest of "Leberwurst," or Liver-sausage, are exhibited in close proximity. Having let their premises to the dealers for fabulous sums, the shopkeepers can afford to take a holiday, consequently, ordinary trade is, for the most part, at a standstill. Stalls and booths are now prohibited, but the streets are paraded by long files of sandwich-men, who manifest miraculous skill in avoiding collisions with tram-cars or passers-by, no slight achievement in the narrow thoroughfares when miniature houses, replete with furniture, or models of the latest cooking utensils are suspended from their shoulders. Old Leipzig is speedily disappearing, but a visit to the "Stadthaus," the former Gewandhaus, carries the imagination back to the days when Mendelssohn was conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts, and founder of the Conservatorium. No traces of the ancient Thomas

Schule are extant, where Johann Sebastian Bach passed so many years of activity, but the musical enthusiast may visit the tombs of both Bach and Gellert in St. John's Church, whilst at the new Gewandhaus he is shown the desk at which many conductors of note wielded their batons by candle light. The house where Richard Wagner was born has likewise been rebuilt. Leipzig in fact is fast becoming one of the most modern and best-laid out cities in Europe. Many hotels, however, still rejoice in plentiful feather-beds, plush hangings and portieres, and much practice is required for the inexperienced to fill the role of middle layer of a sandwich, between two outer layers of feather-bed, with any sort of comfort.

The confectioners' shops at Fair-time are most festive, and Dresden "Stollen" or "Christmas Cake," black with currants; iced "Baumkuchen," Tea-Cakes, in many tiers, and alluring cream "éclairs" are temptingly displayed. From morn to eve the restaurants are filled with customers, for during these weeks of turmoil Leipzig vies with Berlin—the waiters of both cities must be a race apart for they never appear to be fatigued, notwithstanding that a closed restaurant is never seen. If Leipzig appears disconsolately "bran-new," Thuringia, the land of ancient fortresses and mediæval legend, may be reached in a couple of hours.

In Weimar, the so-called "Athens of the North," it is difficult to believe that Goethe and Schiller and Liszt are no more, the atmosphere of the whole town is one of expectancy and the inhabitants would seem to be awaiting the advent of some celebrity. Busts and portraits of these heroes are thick as the legendary blackberries, as no account of their genius credits them with the power of transforming face and form "*à la Mephistopheles*," it is to be inferred that many artists, presumably carried away by admiration and enthusiasm for their sitters, overlooked the fact that resemblance was a matter of some importance. The adage of the prophet in his own country could scarcely be considered applicable to the literary idols of Weimar, but even here there are certain amusing illustrations of the truth of the saying. Goethe and Schiller have evidently "got on the nerves" of the girl custodians of their various abodes, and in marked contrast to the ecstatic descriptions of the landlady of the Liszt museum, whose flow of tears is always in readiness at any mention of her late master, their answers are curt and far from "inspired," a fault,

however, which many a garrulous guide might cultivate with advantage in Germany as elsewhere.

Goethe's two houses are on view, the simple Garden House, and the more elaborate town residence, presented to him by the Archduke Karl August. Both are preserved in the style affected by their owner: the great poet abhorred carpets—bare floors, simple furniture and ugly colouring, though it is doubtless heresy to mention the last fact must have appealed to him, although he possessed fine pictures and choice porcelain, for the most part souvenirs of his Italian travels, so rich in literary results. The Grand Ducal Vault contains the tombs of Goethe and Schiller. On the former a golden laurel wreath reposes; on the latter a silver wreath has been laid, symbolic of the relative value at which the two poets are esteemed. Close by is the family grave of Goethe's descendants now extinct, whilst neglected and apart lie the remains of his devoted wife, Christiane Vulpius. In death, as in life, she was despised and ignored by many of the *élite* of Weimar. That Goethe, the despotic minister and comrade of a reigning prince, should marry a girl of humble birth and acknowledge her as the mother of his child, was an unpardonable offence in their eyes. Lesser lights, whose brilliancy, though overshadowed, was not extinguished by Goethe's supremacy, were Herder and Wieland, and bronze statues have been erected in their honour. Every corner of Weimar, in fact, is packed with literary and historic association. In front of the Court Theatre, which is closed in summer, rises an imposing monument of Goethe and Schiller, a proof that in the theatre as elsewhere the powers that be are loyal to tradition. A welcome relief is afforded by the "Residenz Theater." Far from worthy of so imposing a title, this edifice in appearance is a cross between a chapel and a music-hall; in fact, it might aptly be described as a "chapel perverted," with its bare walls and its one solitary gallery. It is situated up a dark court lying well back from the street, but thanks to the ingenious arrangement of some sparse paper lanterns, the shrewd proprietor has turned this apparent disadvantage to good account, for, though strictly economical, the lighting effect is weird, and creates a suggestion of mystery which is quite alluring to the enquiring mind. The performances usually prove excellent of their kind, although the enjoyment of foreign visitors is liable to be marred by a too prevalent odour of beer and sausages, proceeding from the regions of the restaurant.

Situated in the midst of the forest, the Wartburg is one of the most beautiful spots in the romantic land of Thuringia. In the historic pile, familiar to all lovers of *Tannhäuser*, the "Hall of Song" is still shown where the famous singing competition is said to have taken place in the year 1207, whilst near by is the Horselsberg, the supposed home of Frau Venus. Luther's cell, in which he translated the Bible whilst staying at the Wartburg, is carefully preserved, and the ink stain, renovated by the help of black paint, is visible as a relic of the Reformer's contest with his Satanic Majesty, and the energy with which he used his ink-pot as a missile. Below the Castle, Eisenach nestles among the wooded hills, and sign-boards and finger-posts indicate the way to Luther's house, which proves to be a quaint old "Bier Halle," originally the home of Frau Cotta, Luther's patroness. Downstairs, physical refreshment is provided, consisting of excellent Munich beer; above, mental nourishment is to be found in the shape of books and other souvenirs of Luther's schooldays. Even more interesting to musicians is the house where Johann Sebastian Bach was born.

In the neighbouring towns of Erfurt and Gotha, tablets are attached to the buildings where persons of note have resided, but in Jena an epidemic of tablets has broken out, of which the majority of the houses bear traces. Some, indeed, are pock-marked almost beyond recognition with information as to their various inmates. Schiller and Goethe monuments are again to the fore in the University town, and a pilgrimage to the spot in Schiller's garden where "Wallenstein" was written is *de rigueur*. The little "Residenz" of Gotha, with its Castle and its Court, has a grace peculiarly its own. Small and sedate, it trades on its reputation on festival nights, it is whispered, profiting to the full by its exemption from laws as to closing hours. Gotha is, of course, by no means the only town where customers exhibit a marked disinclination to leave the cafés at the hour of midnight or thereabouts, but restaurant-keepers there are said to be favoured beyond the majority of their colleagues, for they are spared the unpleasant necessity of reminding their patrons of the flight of time. On Mondays in particular, doubts frequently arise in the mind of the on-looker, as to whether the confidence of the authorities in Gotha's abstemiousness may not be misplaced. Yet possibly they are enlightened, and recognise the necessity for some license in a place where music-halls are unknown, and the one theatre is obliged to

live up to the reputation and dignity befitting a Court Opera House! Self-possessed, not to say self-centred, Gotha is too minute to be taken quite seriously, and herein lies the secret of its charm. Gotha extended would be Gotha spoilt, for it is perfect in its diminutiveness. May it be long before the whirl and rush of modern Europe make an inroad into this quiet corner, and sweep away its old-world tranquillity!

ETHEL RAYSON.

College Concerts

She is so accomplished—so sweet a voice—so expert at the harpsichord—such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante and quiverante! . . . odds minims and crotchets! How she did chirrup at Mrs Piano's concert!

SHERIDAN

Tuesday, January 22 (Chamber).

1. QUARTET for Strings, in F major, op. 41, No. 2
Schumann
IVY WIGMORE (Scholar), A.R.C.M.
MARGARET STODDART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
THOMAS PEATFIELD, A.R.C.M.
JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)
2. SONGS .. a. Weep ye not } Waddington
b. Gather ye rose-buds } Cooke
LILY E. SHARP
3. SONATA for Pianoforte & Violoncello, in F major, op. 6. R. Strauss
KATHLEEN LONG (Scholar)
THELMA BENWICH (Scholar)

4. SONG .. Die Lorelei Liszt
WINIFRED COOPER (Scholar)
5. QUARTET for Pianoforte & Strings, in G minor, op. 45 G. Fauré
GEORGE T. BALL (Exhibitioner)
ELSIE M. DUDGING (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
THOMAS PEATFIELD, A.R.C.M.
JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)
Accompanists—
CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE
H. ARNOLD SMITH, A.R.C.M.

Friday, February 5 (Chamber).

1. TRIO for Pianoforte, Clarinet & Violoncello, in A minor, op. 114 Brahms
ARTHUR L. BENJAMIN (Scholar)
RENE S. CAPARA (Scholar)
JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)
2. SONGS .. a. When I am dead, my dearest
b. Unmindful of the roses
Coleridge-Taylor
MONICA SCOTT
3. PIANOFORTE SOLOS
a. Sarabande
b. Toccata C. Debussy
NORAH CORDWELL (Scholar), A.R.C.M.
4. SONGS .. a. Das Mädchen, op. 95, No. 1 Brahms
b. Schneeglöckchen Schumann
CLARA M. SIMONS (Exhibitioner)

5. ORGAN SOLO .. Dithyramb .. Basil Harwood
JOHN S. ROBSON
6. DUETS .. a. Speed thee, birdie } Dvorák
b. The Ring
MABEL W. HANES LORNA M. WEBER
7. QUARTET for Strings, No. 2, in D flat major, op. 15. E. von Dohnányi
ELSIE M. DUDGING (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
JESSIE C. STEWART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
THOMAS PEATFIELD, A.R.C.M.
JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)
Accompanists—
CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE
H. ARNOLD SMITH, A.R.C.M.

Friday, February 20 (Orchestral).

1. SYMPHONY in D minor. César Franck
2. AIR .. Divinités du Styx (Alceste) Gluck
ETHEL F. TOMS (Exhibitioner)
3. CONCERTO for Violin and Orchestra, in A major, op. 82 A. Glazounow
ELSIE M. DUDGING (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.

4. SONGS .. a. Träume Wagner
b. Dors, mon enfant
LILLIE D. CHIFF (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
5. SYMPHONIC POEM Till Eulenspiegel R. Strauss
Conductor—
SIR CHALES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A., Mus. Doc.

Thursday, March 5 (Chamber).

1. QUARTET for Strings, in F major .. M. Ravel
ELSIE M. DUDGING (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
MARGARET STODDART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
EUGENE GOOSSENS, A.R.C.M.
JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)
2. SONGS .. a. Dein blaues Auge } Brahms
b. Der Ring Schumann
c. Lungi dal caro bene Secchi
RUBY SHEPHERD
3. PIANOFORTE SOLO
Ballade in G minor, op. 24 Grieg
WINIFRED MCBRIDE (Scholar)
4. SONG Bussied, op. 48, No. 6 Beethoven
GERTRUDE HIGGS (Scholar)

5. ORGAN SOLO Grand Fantasia, in F minor Mozart
SAMUEL WEBSTER
6. SONGS .. a. Waldeinsamkeit } Max Reger
b. Mein Schätzlein
c. Widmung Schumann
RITA V. LONG
7. TRIO for Pianoforte and Strings, in D major, op. 70, No. 1 Beethoven
NORAH CORDWELL (Scholar), A.R.C.M.
MARGARET STODDART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
DOROTHY THUEL (Scholar)
Accompanists—
CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE
H. ARNOLD SMITH, A.R.C.M.

Thursday, March 12 (Chamber).

1. OCTET for Strings, in E flat major, op. 20 *Mendelssohn*
 MAUD GOLD (Scholar)
 DORIS HOUGHTON (Exhibitioner)
 HUBERT MARNO (Exhibitioner)
 GEORGE WHITAKER
 THOMAS PEATFIELD, A.R.C.M.
 SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.
 JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)
 DOROTHY THUILL (Scholar)
2. SONGS *a. Wiegenlied ... Frederick Delius*
b. Abendstimmung ...
c. Venevil ...
 HELEN M. DAVIDSON
3. PIANOFORTE SOLO
 Ballade in F minor, op. 52 *Chopin*
 E. M. JOY SMITH, A.R.C.M.
4. RECITATIVE AND AIR
 From the Rage of the Tempest
 Hear me! ye Winds and Waves } *Handel*
 STANLEY S. HEATSMAN
5. FANTASIA for Violin and Organ on
 "Lasst uns erfreuen herzlich sehr" *Craig S. Lang*
 GEORGE WHITAKER CRAIG S. LANG
6. SONG .. *Che farò (Orfeo) ... Gluck*
 MELVILLE IREDALE
7. VERKLÄRTE NACHT: SEXTET for
 Strings, op. 4 .. *Arnold Schönberg*
 ELSIE M. DUDGING (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
 JESSIE C. STEWART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
 THOMAS PEATFIELD, A.R.C.M.
 SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.
 JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)
 THELMA BENTWICH (Scholar)
 Accompanists—
 EDITH F. IVIMEY (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
 CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE
 H. ARNOLD SMITH, A.R.C.M.

Tuesday, March 24 (Orchestral).

1. OVERTURE .. *Coriolan ... Beethoven*
2. SONG .. *La Procession ... César Franck*
 GWLADYS WILLIAMS (Scholar)
3. CONCERTO for Pianoforte and Orchestra,
 in A minor, op. 54 .. *Schumann*
 NORAH CORDWELL (Scholar), A.R.C.M.
4. RECITATIVE AND AIR
 Dove sono (*Figaro*) .. *Mozart*
 LILLIAN BURGESS (Scholar)
5. VIOLONCELLO SOLO *Kol Nidrei Max Bruch*
 THELMA BENTWICH (Scholar)
6. SYMPHONY *Harold in Italy ... Berlioz*
 Solo Viola—REBECCA CLARKE
 Conductor—
 SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A., Mus. Doc.

The Royal Collegian Abroad

*"See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment of his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art."*—W. WORDSWORTH

LONDON CONCERTS**ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY**

Miss Muriel Foster sang at the Society's last Concert, on March 31, and all Collegians will be interested and glad to hear that she was afterwards presented with the Beethoven Gold Medal. Though the distinction is one which has been conferred upon musical artists of every branch, there has been in recent years a certain preference in favour of singers. Two other Collegians who have been similarly honoured in the past are Madame Kirkby Lunn and Madame Clara Butt.

Two orchestral compositions produced at previous Concerts of the Society this year must be mentioned here. These are Sir Charles Stanford's Fourth Irish Rhapsody and a Dance Fantasia by Mr Frank Bridge. The Irish Rhapsody based on Ulster tunes no doubt conceals somewhere about it a programme or a "Covenant." But most of those who heard it were disinclined to search for the document, contenting themselves with their enjoyment of the beautiful melodies and their skilful treatment in the one language which still remains non-political, the language of music.

CONCERTS OF MODERN MUSIC

Mr F. B. Ellis's venture in this direction has amply justified itself in many respects. The Programmes have contained much of interest and the Performances have reached a high standard. Among first Performances in London were Mr Vaughan Williams's "London Symphony" (some account of which appears in another column of the Magazine), and "Phantasy Quintet," and Mr George Butterworth's charming "Rhapsody" and "Idyll." Several Collegians appeared among the performers, notably Mr Geoffrey Toye, who took a large share in the work of conducting, and showed remarkable ability in his handling of the Queen's Hall Orchestra. Miss Dilys Jones sang three songs by Arnold Bax, with characteristic charm.

ORIANA MADGRIAL SOCIETY

Mr Gustav Von Holst conducted the first Performance of his "Hymn to Dionysus," at the Concert, on March 10. It is a very vivid piece of writing for choir and orchestra; one in which the words (a chorus from Gilbert Murray's translation of the *Bacchæ* of Euripedes) are never allowed to be smothered by the music. On the contrary, the music enforces their eloquence.

THE EDWARD MASON CHOIR opened their Concert with Mr Vaughan Williams's fine setting of Walt Whitman's "Toward the Unknown Region." Later in the evening they gave a First Performance of Mr Von Holst's fourth group of Choral Hymns from the "Rig Veda," which fully equal the earlier series in their skilful musical treatment.

THE BACH CHOIR gave a Concert on March 24, when Dr Allen conducted a very creditable Performance of the Bach Magnificat, in which the Contralto Solos were sung by Miss Dilys Jones. Later in the evening Miss May Harrison and Mr D. S. Wood joined Miss Fanny Davies in the Triple Concerto in D Major (Brandenburg, No. 5), and Miss Harrison played the Violin Concerto in E Major.

* * *

Miss Gleeson White sang the Soprano Solos in "Hiawatha" when that work was sung by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall.

Miss Auriol Jones played César Franck's "Les Djinns," with the Queen's Hall Orchestra, on March 22.

Miss Emily Shepherd and Miss Phyllis Lett sang the Soprano and Alto Solos respectively at a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, at the Alexandra Palace, on March 21.

Mr Maurice Sons and Mr C. Warwick-Evans both played at the Classical Society's Concert, on March 4.

Miss Gladys Moger was the singer at a Recital of French Music, given by Robert Pollak and Madame Marie Panthies, on February 4th; and Mr Harold Samuel accompanied.

Mr Harold Darke's Choir sang the "St. Matthew Passion" at St. James's Church, Paddington, on March 27. The boys sang with excellent tone and with a confidence which spoke great things of their Choir Master. The Choir was supplemented by a few members of the Bach Choir. Mr Darke conducted, and Dr Harris was at the organ.

Miss Ethel Rayson gave a Lecture at the Woman's Institute on March 2.

RECITALS

The British Chamber Music Players have continued their Series of Concerts this Term. On January 28, they played César Franck's Quintet in F Minor and Brahms's Quintet in F Minor. They will give a further series of Concerts later in the year.

Mr Plunket Greene gave a most delightful Recital on March 5. One group of songs consisted of Traditional English, Welsh, and Irish Airs, sung as only Mr Greene can sing them. The rest of the Programme covered a wide range, including such songs as Daktaryac's charming "Ecoute de Jeannette" and Max Reger's "Waldeinsamkeit," and several of the best type of modern English Songs.

Mr Howard Jones gave Recitals at the Bechstein Hall, on March 17 and 31, on his return from Berlin and Vienna, where he played music by Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, with very great success.

Mr Herbert Fryer played the Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte in C sharp minor, by Dohnanyi, at his Recital on January 12, and also played Solos by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin and Schumann.

This Sonata also found a place in the Concert which Miss Ada Thomas gave with Miss Marion Jay, on March 31. Miss Thomas played a group of pieces by Mr Frank Bridge at this Concert, and the sympathetic performance of a Sonata by Mozart for Violin and Piano, was one of the most enjoyable things in a delightful programme.

Miss Lucy Polgreen gave a successful Recital with Mr Tom Fussell, on February 1. Miss Polgreen played Brahms's Waltzes, and with Mr Fussell, Sonatas by Strauss and Lekeu, for Pianoforte and Violin.

Mr Philip Levine and Mr James Friskin played Brahms's Sonata in D minor, and César Franck's Sonata in A major, for Violin and Pianoforte, at the former's Recital at the Bechstein Hall.

Mr Herbert Hodge continues to draw large numbers of people to his Organ Recitals and Performances of Choral Music at S. Nicholas, Cole Abbey. The Recitals are representative of every type of organ music, and, as is well known, the test pieces of the R.C.O. examinations always find a place in the programmes, greatly to the assistance of intending candidates.

OXFORD

IN THE PROVINCES

The great event of the Term was the performance by the O.U.D.S. of "The Acharnians" of Aristophanes, and the great event of the performance, at any rate as far as we are concerned, was the production of Sir Hubert Parry's exquisitely funny music. Sir Hubert laid violent hands without fear or favour upon everything which could add flavour to the jokes of the comedy and bring its humour up to date, from ancient plain-song to *Der Rosenkavalier*, and with all he managed to give something of his own charm to the choral and orchestral music. It was excellently performed by the undergraduate choir and the orchestra conducted by Dr H. P. Allen.

At the Promenade Concert given by Dr Allen's Orchestra on March 4, Mr George Butterworth's "Idyll," for Orchestra, was heard for the first time, and was conducted by the Composer.

At the University Musical Club, the English String Quartet has provided one, and the London String Quartet, two, of the programmes.

Mr Maurice Sons and Mr Harold Samuel gave a Violin and Pianoforte Recital during the Term.

On March 3, Sir Walter Parratt gave his terminal Lecture, choosing as his subject "Some Aspects of Fugue." Added pleasure was given to a most enjoyable lecture by the interesting illustrations played by Sir Walter and Dr Allen on the piano, and by Mr H. G. Ley, on the organ.

SUTTON COLDFIELD

Mrs Raymond Gough gave a very interesting interpretation of Bach's Concerto for Violin in A minor, at her concert on February 5. She also played the violin part in Brahms's Trio in C minor. The concert was a successful one from all points of view.

MANCHESTER

A Concert was given by the Musical Society on January 16, devoted to the works of Mr Thomas Dunhill. The programme included the Sonata in D minor for Piano and Violin, the Phantasy Trio in E flat, and the Quartet in B minor, and Mr Dunhill's Vocal Music was represented by his setting of four poems from "The Wind among the Reeds," four songs from "Vagabondia," and two songs "Sleep, Sweet Babe" and "Infant Joy," these being two of his early works. The audience was large and enthusiastic.

TEWKESBURY

A sub-centre of the Gloucestershire Orchestral Society has lately been formed here. Dr Brewer conducted the first Rehearsal, when Tchaikovsky's Symphony in E Minor was practised.

The Musical Competition on March 13 and 14, was very successfully organised by the Hon. Secretary, Mrs Purcell Wilson. Mrs Wilson's Ladies' Choir took first prize in the open competition. On the opening day she was presented with a silver-mounted baton from the Kemerton Choral Class, in appreciation of the help she had given at various times, and it was felt by all that her untiring energy and enthusiasm had gone a long way towards ensuring the success of the competition. Dr Brewer adjudicated, and expressed great satisfaction with the general standard attained.

READING

Dr Walford Davies's "Everyman" was performed here on March 4, under the conductorship of Dr Allen. Mr Joseph Ireland sang the name-part with considerable skill and understanding.

Madame Margaret Wishart (Mrs Woodhouse) gave very great pleasure by her Violin Solos at Miss Draconi's Pianoforte Secital. She played Mozart's Sonata in B flat Major, "Reverie," by Vieuxtemps, and "Scherzo-Tarantelle," by Wieniawski.

Miss Gertrude Higgs sang with great success at a performance of "Elijah," and Miss Evelyn Somerville played violin solos, at the Annual Concert of the Trinity Congregational Church Choir.

WINDSOR AND ETON

At the Annual Concert of the Choir of S. George's Chapel, several delightful songs and part-songs by Dr Charles Wood were performed, and one or two by Dr Lloyd, one of which, "A Water Party," was specially composed for the occasion. Miss Lillian Burgess was the soprano soloist.

Miss Idwen Thomas sang with great charm and delicacy at the performance of Coleridge Taylor's "Death of Minnehaha," on December 1, and at the same Concert Miss Thelma Bentwich played violoncello solos with excellent feeling, and technical powers which gave great promise of her future attainments. Several of Mr Dunhill's works were heard, and among other songs by Sir Charles Stanford, his ever-popular "Cavalier Songs" met with an enthusiastic reception.

A new carol by Dr C. H. Lloyd, "Come and Hear the Angels," was a very pleasurable feature of the Annual Concert given by the Eton College Choir. Several present students of the College appeared at this Concert. Miss Ivy Wigmore played violin solos, Miss Kitty Ryan sang English songs with great taste, and Mr Nicholas played pianoforte solos and gave considerable help in the way of accompaniment.

Several new and interesting works were heard at the Concert given by the Windsor and Eton Madrigal Society on December 8. Sir Charles Stanford's Motet "Ye Holy Angels Bright," was especially beautiful, and the Concert closed with an old Carol from the "Legenda Monastica," set by Mr Goodhart. Dr Wood's "Lochinvar" was also sung. This work is founded on an old Scottish air, which Dr Wood has adapted with variations. Sir Walter Parratt conducted.

Miss Florence Taylor and Mr Albert Watson were the contralto and tenor soloists respectively at the performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," in S. George's Chapel, on March 30.

At the Bach Concert given by the Windsor and Eton Madrigal Society, on March 23, Miss Bessie Jones, Miss Lillie Chipp, and Miss Margaret Champneys sang. The works sung were "Gott ist mein König" and the "Magnificat." The performance took place in S. George's Chapel, with orchestral accompaniment, and Sir Walter Parratt conducted.

IN THE COLONIES AND ABROAD

AFRICA

Miss Alice Waters was in Durban at the time of the strikes and writes telling of her experiences. "Martial Law was proclaimed, and the whole town was in a state of excitement and unrest. Soldiers were guarding all the principal Government buildings, docks, railway stations, etc. The strikers had huge processions through the streets headed by a small black bull dog, decorated with red ribbons. It was impossible to travel, as the railways were stopped.

Mrs Griëss (Miss E. Blaxland) is now living 118 miles from Nairobi, and rejoices in the perfect climate, and the open free life that she and her husband lead. She says: "We spent Christmas in a camp just by ourselves, doing all the work in a temperature of over 90° in the shade. The lions grunted round the tent at night, but I am bound to admit, they were very much in the distance."

Miss Thirza Pearce writes from Paarl, where she is teaching in a school, and taking an active part in musical doings. Miss Hilda Jameson is one of her colleagues, and Miss Katharine Wilson sang at a Concert there some time ago.

By the courtesy of the Editor of *The Music Student* we are able to print the following extract from a paper by Mr Douglas Tayler on his impressions of Colonial Chamber Music. After giving a very pleasing picture of Grahamstown, with its broad, tree-lined streets, and bullock waggons, its schools and colleges, and fine cathedral, and the pines and eucalyptus trees, which add such beauty to the hills all round the town, Mr Tayler goes on to discuss the facilities for hearing and performing music in this African University Town. He writes: "What musical taste or culture is likely to be found in a country of scattered farms, of busy out-door labour? Off the main line, our town is visited by few concert parties—scarcely a theatrical company. Where among us is likely to be the means of raising an orchestra of any pretensions? Those engaged in music teaching at the many schools and colleges are of necessity mainly devoted to the piano and violin, rarely the violoncello. A full orchestra in a school is manifestly impossible, even more wildly impossible in a colony than at home. . . . Here there is no running up to town to a Promenade Concert, an Opera, or Choral Performance; there is no virtuoso performer among those whose days are occupied from morning till night in endeavouring to interest the young colonial in an art which seems wholly foreign to his surroundings of busy commercial or agricultural activity.

Under such circumstances it is truly marvellous to find what has been and is being done by a small community of devoted musical enthusiasts. Arriving in this town, the writer found not only a string orchestra of quite exceptional merit in connection with the largest college, but a Musical Club devoted to the monthly performance of chamber music of the best type, into which, by virtue of some acquaintance with the viola, he was happy enough to find his way. Weekly rehearsals for these musical evenings are a source of constant pleasure. What can equal the fascination of playing, by the golden light of shaded lamps, the Arensky Trio in D Minor, or a Schubert String Quartet—even though one has to stop in the middle to remove a fat grey tarantula from the wall with a moistened broom? . . . Or there will be the merry bustle and stir of a gathering in one of the big school halls, or a spacious drawing-room, to hear the result of these diligent rehearsals. . . . Here, too, we may sing and listen to those songs that a colonial preference for musical comedy extracts would bid us forget. . . . How gladly we listen to any and all of the dearly-loved treasures of our art, fervently hoping the while that one tiny morsel of musical leaven, which we seem to be hiding in so many, many measures of meal, may in due time help to leaven the whole."

* * *

Miss Anna Marsh is very busy teaching at Cape Town, and is to be congratulated on a very successful Recital of Sonatas for Violoncello and Piano, which she gave on February 19.

* * *

It is thought that the following extracts from a letter from Miss Dorothy Morris will be of interest. Miss Morris writes from near Johannesburg, where she has just arrived after meeting various Collegians en route: "I do not know if any description I can give of the voyage out and of the country itself will interest Magazine Readers, as they have already read so many letters from South Africa; but I suppose every correspondent has a different point of view which leads to variety, even if it does not entertain. We had a most thrilling Concert on board ship—in the tropics. The Programme was chiefly made up of songs—serious and humorous, relieved, shall I say, by a String Trio, Dvorák, op. 74, in which Miss Magdalen Liddle, my sister, and self, took part—rather an undertaking when the thermometer stood at nearly 90°, and our fingers felt like jelly, while strings squeaked and snapped with the utmost vigour, but the audience was most considerate and appreciative. Unfortunately, we reached our three ports of call—the Island of Las Palmas, Ascension, and St. Helena, at night, and steamed away again in the morning. The approach to Las Palmas, however,

could not have been more beautiful, as it was moonlight, and the will-of-the-wisp lights of the little boats as they came out to meet us with their crews of merchants bringing lace and fruit for sale, were quite Venetian in effect. We had a few hours ashore at St. Helena; landing was a distinctly exciting proceeding. It was 6 a.m. when we got into the small boats that took us to the rough stone steps that answer the purpose of a landing stage. There was a tremendous swell running, and our particular ship-load was half-an-hour waiting its turn to get in. We made ever so many attempts to reach the steps, and each time were only able to land one or two people as the swell dashed the boat away: How thankful we were to set foot on something solid! The discomfort of being thoroughly wetted by spray was a third or even fourth consideration.

Our first view of the Cape was also in the early morning, and grand it looked as we got nearer and nearer to the mountain, which had its table-cloth spread, the signal that a south-easter was raging. . . . The Cape Peninsula is, I feel convinced, one of the loveliest spots on this earth, the combination of mountain, sea, and exquisite detail in the way of flowers, is not easily forgotten. . . . I must say something about Johannesburg. . . . A train journey of two nights and nearly two days was a novel experience to me. To say that it was hot going through the Karroo is to convey a very mild impression of the burning sensation we underwent for eight hours. . . . It was gloriously refreshing to wake up next morning to a sight of green veldt, and the drive out of Johannesburg through the pretty suburb of Parktown and the Sachsenwald was joyous exhilaration. Here we are right on the edge of the veldt and have glorious views northward. One feels as though one were in the centre of an enormous circle; certainly the space of the Transvaal has an appeal all its own.

I have had gorgeous times motoring all over the country, and one has to get accustomed to roads which are not roads, but bumpy, rutty tracks, and smooth green stretches that are most deceptive, and turn out to be "okis," or marshes, where a car has a habit of sticking, and is more difficult to move than when it refuses to cross a drift. Once we were held up miles from home, owing to the fan belt having broken—fortunately we were able to effect repairs with a piece of tape and a hair-pin. This is the real country—Johannesburg, the mining centre, is six miles away, hidden from our particular view behind a ridge of hills. It is not beautiful, though the municipality are improving its appearance by building a new Town Hall and Art Gallery. The reef runs along the south side of the town, and extends either way for thirty miles! . . . Our descent into the Robinson mine was very thrilling. We donned coats that were provided and proceeded to the head of one of the shafts, where we piled into a skip, a low trolley with planks crosswise, on which we sat and lay back against the person behind, as the shaft is narrow, and it is dangerous to raise one's head. It is rather an uncanny experience rushing down 1700 feet, the lights of the various levels flash past and water drips on to one's face. We got out at the 17th stage, and after lighting our candles, followed the engineer in charge. We saw the rock drills at work and the huge fan which cools the atmosphere. The dust is controlled by a spray that makes the slopes very muddy, and we all got delightfully dirty. We were told we had not time to see much as blasting was to begin at 3.30 p.m., it being then nearly 3. We arrived back at the shaft at 3.15.—bells were rung, but no skip appeared—finally we were told that we must walk up narrow steps to the 15th level and the engineer told me that we were rather working against time! . . . We tumbled into a little trolley in a great hurry; to it was attached another, in which crowds of natives came to the surface. . . . The surface works are very interesting. The ore is carried to the mill and crushed, then passed over mercury tables, which collect a certain amount of gold, then washed, crushed again, then treated with cyanide, in order to extract the gold still remaining, then finally every particle possible is collected by contact with zinc, and the tailings go on the dumps, which can contain only a minute percentage of gold, though it is said to be worth extracting further if a method could

be found. . . . We saw a bar of gold weighing 56 lbs., which had been smelted. It was worth £4000 ! "

CANADA

Mr Egg has been doing very interesting work at Montreal Cathedral. He gave a series of Recitals in Lent, with varied and excellently-chosen Programme. English music was represented by Walford Davies, Elgar, Basil Harwood, Sir Hubert Parry, and S. S. Wesley. Mr Egg is working hard to enlarge the repertory of the Choir and to inspire them with enthusiasm for and understanding of the highest traditions of Church Music.

AMERICA

Miss Beatrice Harrison has been playing at Washington, New York, Boston, Chicago, and other places, and won the golden opinions of all who had the pleasure of hearing her, both for her mastery over all technical difficulties, and for her powers of interpretation.

GUERNSEY

At the Annual Festival of the Guille Alle's Association, Sir Frederick Bridge's "Flag of England" and Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha" were performed, and gave great pleasure to a numerous audience.

LEIPZIG

Miss Adelaide Parker had a great success here on September 20, when she played in the Thomaskirche. As this was the first time that a woman has ever played there, the College has reason to be proud of her. Miss Parker further established her reputation among organists when she played in the Kurhaus at Wiesbaden in September last.

APPOINTMENTS

An unusually large number of important school appointments have fallen to Collegians this Term.

Mr Basil Johnson succeeds Dr Lloyd at Eton, Mr George Dyson will take his place at Rugby.

Mr H. C. Heberden is going to Marlborough College, and Mr R. Thatcher to the R.N. College, Osborne.

Mr Harold Hight has been appointed Music Master at Clifton.

MARRIAGES

Everyone will join in hearty congratulations and warm good wishes to Mr and Mrs Thomas Dunhill (Miss Mollie Arnold), who were married on April 4, at S. Luke's Church, Chelsea. Mrs Dunhill has lately been studying at the College.

Lady Delia Spencer was married to the Hon. Sidney Peel on February 18. Mr Mr Stanley Stubbs was the organist, and Sir Hubert Parry's setting of "Sweet Saviour bless us ere we go," was sung by the Choir. Lady Delia's many friends at the College wish her joy.

We offer hearty congratulations to Mr Cedric Sharpe and Miss Betty Jennings, who were married on December 20; to Mr and Mrs Alan Taffs (Miss Guiletta Motto); Mrs Brodribb (Miss Dorothy Sinclair), Mrs E. H. Lewis (Miss Mabel Jardine), and to Mrs Richard Thompson (Miss Grace Malaher) who was married at Montreal on July 19, 1913.

Mrs Ranger (Miss Dora Coombs) now has a son.

OBITUARY

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Madame Cecile de Bobinsky, which took place on February 5, after a short illness. From early years she showed musical talent as a violinist, and although on her marriage she retired from professional life, she was ever ready to use her gifts in the cause of charity—in fact, it was in performing one of her many acts of kindness, that she caught her last and fatal illness. Madame de Bobinsky was an ardent supporter of the College, and took the keenest interest in the Union. Our warm sympathies go out to her relatives and friends.

The R.A.M. Magazine

In the 41st number Mr H. Scott-Baker concludes his account of "Three Years in South Africa." He has kept his diary well, and knows what things are worth telling. This last instalment takes him up the East Coast of Africa, through Zanzibar, past Mount Sinai, into Egypt, and finally back to London, *via* Monte Carlo, Nice and Paris.

The same number tells us that the R.A.M. Club celebrates its twenty-fifth birthday this year. We wish it many happy returns of the day.

Some Irresponsible Thoughts on Music.

"I have a reasonable good ear in musick; let us have the tongs and the bones."

—(MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM).

We are accustomed to think, or we often appear to do so, that progress in all human affairs is a smooth-running stream, flowing, it is true, sluggishly at times, and then again with quickened pace, but on the whole pursuing a steady even course, working out the process of evolution.

Never was greater fallacy. In history of all kinds, if we look carefully, we shall perceive the contrary to be the case.

Growth of every sort is usually spasmodic and uneven. If we trace out the history of a particular art or movement, we shall notice perhaps that it took a very long time to gather force, that then it progressed for a time with almost frightening impetus, receiving possibly a sudden unforeseen check, which either brought it to an untimely end or delayed its development for a considerable time; or, yet again, that it was diverted into a fresh channel, where with renewed energy it worked its way to a majestic climax. Then comes a pause, a hiatus, a clumsy groping after new ways, an impatient discarding of old ones, until a new process of building-up has been established. Such is the history of most progress in the world.

At the end of the 16th century came the great climax of choral music, culminating in the genius of Palestrina. This was followed by a perplexing break, one of those temporary dislocations when the creaking of the gear of human machinery becomes audible, and bewildered men ask what is to become of art, and in what direction is it tending?

Instrumental music with its unthought-of possibilities began to occupy the attention of musicians, so that side by side with the most highly-developed and wonderfully intricate choral music we find the crude beginnings of the new phase, tentative and uncertain, often childishly immature, not seldom ludicrous and grotesque. Choral music had taken

600 years to accomplish its ends, and the final stages of its development were incredibly rapid and wonderfully complete. Then comes the hiatus ; one species of musical art is at a standstill, the other yet in its infancy.

Is not something of the same sort happening to-day ? Are we not enduring all the pains and uncertainties of a transition period ? How else are we to explain the spirit of doubt and questioning, the groping after new effects but little understood by their own authors, the heart-searchings, the crudenesses, that characterise so much of modern art ? In dramatic art alone at the present day does there seem to be some method, some definite purpose and design. Elsewhere the spirit of unrest stalks abroad, drawing us on to possibilities that we mistrust because we cannot understand them, even while we feel them to be irresistible. Can we otherwise account for the painting of Gauguin and Matisse, the music of Scriabin and Schönberg ?

Hitherto, music, above all, had seemed to be developing on settled lines. Since Beethoven first revealed the tremendous significance of instrumental music, throughout the Romantic period, culminating in the giant figure of Johannes Brahms, we seem to trace an even flow of evolutionary progress, till—unsettled by Wagner, astonished by Strauss, mystified by Debussy, and almost unhinged by the most recent developments in music—we feel the grip of a new power in art, dimly perceived as yet, and not in the least understood,

What the future has in store for us we cannot tell. Could the audience at a Monteverde Opera foresee Beethoven ? We can only cling with might and main to our one safeguard—the touchstone of all success in art—sincerity. Much that is tentative, self-conscious, affected, will disappear. We can scarcely, for instance, feel much security in certain developments of cubist painting. But that something will come of the new spirit in art we can hardly doubt. Stagnation is the one deadly peril : in all movement there is life, and therefore progress. We stand on the threshold of new things, and here is England's great opportunity. Why should not the promise of 17th century English music after all be fulfilled ? Why should not the spirit of Purcell descend upon the modern Englishman ? During the last two hundred years every nation but ours has left its impress upon musical art ; it may be that England is yet to enter upon her inheritance.

CYNTHIA COLVILLE.

An Appreciation of Sigfrid Karg-Elert and his Work.

*" Answer the question I've put you so oft :
What do you mean by your mountainous fugues ? "*

—R. BROWNING.

The name of Sigfrid Karg-Elert is a very familiar one to many organists of the present day, and the writer feels that some apology is due for the appearance of another article on that prolific composer. He has an excuse, however, in the form of a letter from Karg-Elert himself, which, through the kindness of Sir Walter Parratt, is printed here. Not much is known in England of his compositions other than for the organ, yet his field is wide and varied, and amongst his published list of compositions figure a Symphony in F Major, a Sonata for pianoforte and hautboy, nearly 100 songs, a Concerto in D Minor for pianoforte and orchestra, Duets for harmonium and pianoforte, Sonata in B Minor for harmonium, Partitur in D Major for harmonium, two Pianoforte Sonatas, Sonata in A Major for pianoforte and violoncello, a Trio and Quintet for brass instruments, twenty Preludes and Postludes for organ, op. 78; Sonata for violin alone, Gradus ad Parnassum for harmonium, Symphonic Dialogue for two pianofortes, Violin Sonata, and lastly, a String Quartet, op. 101. Space will not allow a fuller list, and it is feared the above is somewhat incomplete; however, its *raison d'être* is simply to show the versatility of the composer.

It was at the instigation of Herr Carl Simon, a music publisher in Berlin, that Karg-Elert wrote for the "Kunst-Harmonium" (an instrument with a considerable number of stops and one or more manuals) some of his most successful compositions, which have since been transcribed by the composer for the organ. It was in this form that the E flat Minor Passacaglia, the Phantasie and Fugue in D Major, and the Canzona in E flat appeared, and it is hoped that the composer will similarly transcribe such works as the Sonata in B Minor, op. 36, the Three Sonatinas, op. 14, the Partitur, No. 1, in D Major, op. 37, and the Symphonic Variations and Fugue, op. 79. The letter printed below, from the composer to A. Nickson, an organist in Australia, and formerly a pupil of Sir Walter Parratt at the College, reveals many interesting facts, among them his gratitude to English and Colonial organists for "taking up my works with so much zeal."

LEIPSIG,
9th December, 1913.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your kind letter with its praise of my compositions, was an exceedingly great joy to me, and a deep satisfaction, serving as a new proof of the acknowledgment of my works for the organ. Among all musicians the organists certainly are the most progressive, making it worth while to write new creations for this royal instrument. Yet, the standard might still be greatly improved, if there did not exist in England as well as in the colonies, an absolutely incomprehensible over-estimation and preference for transcriptions and arrangements under which of course the original literature suffers.

It is a great pity that I have not yet found in Germany—in spite of the considerable spread of my name and my works—a first-class organist who would bring my compositions before the ear of the public regularly and in an artistic fashion. I know that I am appreciated everywhere. But the persistent and energetic working for me of an intelligent performer is still missing here—principally for the reason that our leading German organ virtuosi such as Straube, Paul Gerhardt, Walter Fischer, Littard, etc., do not study new works now. All of them have much too much to do in the stress of modern life, with its thousandfold exigencies. And so they again and again fall back upon the old approved numbers of their repertoire. Reger's rising star appeared at the time when those artists were still young and capable of enthusiasm, and also had sufficient leisure to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with Reger's works, which they now perform over and over again, finding no time for the real study of new compositions, but playing them just by sight, if at all!

I again thank you most heartily for taking up my works with so much zeal, and beg you to preserve your valuable interest in them for the future.

With hearty professional greetings,

I am,

Your devoted ally,

SIGFRID KARG-ELERT

It has been rightly said that no composer since the time of J. S. Bach has contributed to organ literature so many varied forms of Choral Prelude as Karg-Elert. Phantasies, Fugue, Toccatas, Canons, Passacaglias, Trios, Sarabandes, and Pastorales, are all represented in the list.

Judging from the published programmes of organ recitals, it would appear that the most frequently played of his organ compositions are "Claire de Lune" and "Harmonies du Soir," although lately the Choral Improvisations have figured more frequently in recital programmes. Surely the first two pieces are mere trifles when compared with his other works; and, to find the real Karg-Elert one must turn to the Choral Improvisations, the D Major Phantasie and Fugue, the E flat Minor Passacaglia, or the Twenty Preludes and Postludes, and many other works, which are seldom heard, if at all, in this country.

C.S.L.

1. COUNCIL EXHIBITION—(£50)—

Etty Ferguson	}	(Singing)	£10
Eileen Fuller	}		£6
Lily M. Mines (A.R.C.M.)		('Cello)	£8
Henry E. Wilson		(Organ)	£8
K. Olga Hart	}	(Violin)	£8
Margaret H. Littlewood	}		£10
2. CHARLOTTE HOLMES EXHIBITION (£15)—
Charlotte Cunningham.
3. CLEMENTI EXHIBITION (value about £28) for Pianoforte Playing—
(E) Mildred M. Marriott (A.R.C.M.)
4. ORGAN EXTEMPORE PRIZE (value £3 3s.)—
(S) Sydney G. Shimmin.
5. HENRY LESLIE (Herefordshire Philharmonic) PRIZE (£10) for Singers—
Marjorie V. Lockey (A.R.C.M.)
6. ARTHUR SULLIVAN PRIZE (£5) for Composition—
(S) Herbert N. Howells.
7. SCHOLEFIELD PRIZE (£3) for String Players—
(S) Maud Gold (Violin).
8. DANNREUTHER PRIZE (£9 9s.) for the best performance of a Pianoforte Concerto
with Orchestra—
(S) Norah M. Cardwell (A.R.C.M.)
9. CHALLEN & SON GOLD MEDAL for Pianoforte Playing—(E) George T. Ball.
10. JOHN HOPKINSON MEDALS for Pianoforte Playing—
Gold Medal (E) George T. Ball.
Silver Medal (S) Kathleen I. Long.
11. GOLD MEDAL presented by the late Raja Sir S. M. Tagore of Calcutta, for the
most generally deserving pupil—
(E) Elsie M. Dudding (A.R.C.M.)
12. HISTORY ESSAY PRIZES—
(S) Herbert N. Howells. Lily M. Mines (A.R.C.M.)
13. THE GEORGE CARTER SCHOLARSHIP for Students who combine Organ and
Composition as studies—John S. Robson (for 2 years).
14. PAUER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION (£7 10s) for a Piano Student named as Proxime
in the Open Scholarship Competition—Marjorie B. Wills.
15. ELOCUTION CLASS—
(S) T. Glyn Walters Director's Prize.
(S) Alice Gear Registrar's Prize.
(S) Walter J. Saull { Mr Cairns James's
Improvement Prize.
16. OPERATIC CLASS: Prizes of £1 is each, presented by Miss Kate Anderson (Mrs
Bevan); Miss R. Beynon (Mrs Erle); and Miss Fanny Heywood—
Etty Ferguson. Charlotte Cunningham. Stanley Vilven (for Diction).